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The Mountain Eagle.

Volume 2

Whitesburg, Letcher County, Kentucky, June 3, 1909.

Number 40

HOME CIRCLE

CHOICE READING FOR THE ENTIRE
FAMILY---REFLECT!

See if it is not true that your wife is working more than you.

One of the gravest breaches of decorum is the exposure of the faults of husband or wife by the one who should shield them.

Look cheerful. Put on that neatly patched dress, meet John with a smile, kiss him when he comes home and watch how soon he will prefer home to the downtown store.

Should a man speak to neighbor in the stentorian tones he often uses to his children, a knock-down would ensue. A courteous tone to a child is as essential as a courteous tone to a neighbor.

Where is home? In a mansion with spacious courts of devotion, lofty halls of love, and treasures of divine supplication, in yonder house, in country lane shaded by the tree? In unpretentious peasant hamlet with thatched roof and lime-washed walls? Home is where mother lives. And whether you be prince or peasant, one of the sweetest spots on the earth is the abode of your mother.

Open your blinds by day and light bright fires by night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures on your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you awake home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. With exertion and right means a mother may have more influence over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

In the cities girls are beginning to take the place of boys in offices, and the reason assigned for the change is one that boys would do well to consider. The old-fashioned office boy, who swears, smokes cigarettes and is impertinent usually, and reads dime novels in a corner, or loaf when he is sent on an important errand, is fast disappearing, and it is predicted that in the course of time the office girl will have entirely taken his place. No one wants an impertinent, swaggering, cigarette smoking boy about an office, or as a clerk, bookkeeper, or stenographer. Girls do not acquire these detestable habits to such an extent, and are, therefore getting the place.

Marriage is not necessarily a blessing. It may be the bitterest curse. It may sting like the nadder and bite like a serpent. Its bower is as often made of thorns as roses. It blasts as many sunny expectations as it realizes. Every improper marriage is a living misery, an undying death. An ill-mated human pair is the most woeful picture of human wretchedness that is presented in the book of life; and yet such pictures are plenty. But a proper marriage, a true interior, soul-linked union is a living picture of blessedness, unrivaled in beauty. It is the visiting place of angels. A true marriage is the soul's Eden. It is not given to words to express the refinement of pleasure, the delicacy of joy and the abounding fullness of satisfaction that those feel whom God hath joined in a high marriage of spirit. Such a union is the highest school of virtue, the soul's convent, where the vestal fires of purity are kept continually burning. May only such happy unions attend the young men and maidens of our vicinity who may even now be planning their wedding garments.

Every woman can and should keep her ladyhood with her always—wherever she is, it matters not. Some women seem to do the most menial house service gracefully. They most surely are ladies in every sense of that blessed word. She who dignifies herself, dignifies her work, and vice versa. In the kitchen, as in the parlor, her manner and conversation should be the same. A true lady is as much a lady washing her dinner dishes, preparing the vegetables for dinner, cleaning lamps and scrubbing floors, as when she is bending over her embroidery frame or easel in the pleasant sitting room. If she is so unfortunate as to possess a servant she will use refined language and as gentle a voice in speaking to her as she uses in her reception room entertaining the most cultured among her friends.

THE GIRL WE ALL LIKE
First and foremost she is an unselfish girl. She has learned that there are other people in the world with rights as vivid as her own. She has learned furthermore, that these people have a claim upon her time and talents, and that she owes even the most uninteresting of them a debt of love and kindly service.

In the second place, she is a "sunshiny" girl. Frowns and sulkiness find no abiding place with this cheery maiden. She always looks on life's brightest side, taking a cheerful view of things in general. Sunshine in her laughter, sunshine in her words, and sunshine in her warm handclasp.

She is, moreover, a modest girl. Modest in her dress, speech and behavior. She knows the difference between true modesty and prudishness, and in cultivating the one does not bore us with the other.

This maiden we all adore is a kindhearted girl. She has learned to respect the feelings of others and never allows herself to indulge in unkind remarks, even for the entertainment of friends. Gossip she abhors, and would rather cut off her right hand than originate or repeat anything injurious to the fair name of some other girl. She believes that "Woman in her deepest degradation holds something sacred, something undefiled, something pledge and keystone of her higher nature."

There is no jollier girl, happier, more independent being in the world than THE GIRL WE ALL LIKE.

GOOD LETTER

A Knottite Writes a Very Interesting Letter.

Mountain Eagle,
Whitesburg, Ky.

Dear old bird:—After outrageously neglecting you (owing to the hard work I have been doing in getting out a crop) I now send you a piece of long green, which I should have done six months ago. I have been working and sweating awfully this spring, so if anyone tells you that Green don't work you can tell them it is not so, for he will work when he can not hire any one else to do it for him.

I am sending you my views on the Payne Tariff Bill. Do what you please with it, study the matter and I think you will see the necessity to urge your readers to go to work in their own interest. It looks as if our people have gone to sleep, they will wake up shortly and find they were sleeping over a volcano. This is the most dangerous time we ever experienced. Don't you think so?

Very truly yours,
G. A. Collins,
Omaha, Ky., May 23rd, 1909.

By the way, Mr. Editor, why not give us something about the new tariff bill now pending in Congress. It is a thing of vital importance to the people of eastern Kentucky, and to all the entire South, and under the regime of the new political alignment it is not a political measure, and I see no reason why a non-partisan paper cannot discuss it.

My views of the Payne Tariff Bill are (as Cleveland said of the Wilson bill) it is a conglomeration of perjury and dishonor. At least it will prove to be such, to the people who are looking for the development and improvement here in the mountains.

Inasmuch as the Payne bill reduces the rate on everything we have to sell as Lumber, Coal and Iron ore, and raises or retains the Dingley rates on nearly everything we buy; flour, all leather products, leads, cotton goods and barley malt.

The Representatives from the North middle states, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, the Dakotas, Minnesota, etc. after all their timber has been marketed under a high tariff, and their lands are now put to the cultivation of wheat and barley, demand that lumber be placed on the free list, and the rates on wheat and barley be doubled, and some of our southern Representatives are voting with them for this unfair deal. I will name Bennett, Langley, Edwards, and Sloop and Broussard Republicans, Cowles, Estepinal, Grant, Pojo and Wieklioff, Democrats, which shows it is not partial but sectional upon which the lines are now divided.

In my opinion the time has now come for the hot-headed politician of Kentucky and the South, be he Republican, Democrat, Populist, Socialist, Prohibitionist or Mugwump to lay aside his prejudice and work as one man for the interest of his country and section, not for the Republican or Democrat party because he is a Republican or Democrat but for his own individual interest.

Work for the interest of the farmer who buys flour and shoes and has a few trees and mineral land to sell. The wood chopper, the logger, the miner and the day laborer who buys clothes (mostly made of cotton) and shoes and his provisions and have only their muscles to sell (and the tariff is being practically removed from even that), all of them are only getting living wages, but if this bill becomes a law, prices for labor will be cut from one fourth to one half, then God pity the poor laborers when the pres-

ent high price of all the staple necessities of life become higher.

Every man in the Tenth and Eleventh Congressional districts should write or petition the Kentucky Senators to vote against this bill. Then prepare petitions to send to the Representatives before the bill is returned to the House, requesting them, if they cannot get equal rates, to fight the bill.

Remember, this is not now a political measure, but a vital and an important question with us, that every other interest in the United States is organized to work and lobby for higher rates for their products, but ours, that if we do not work for ourselves no one else will work for us.

Let us go to work! Who will make the break? G. A. Collins.

Daisy, Ky.

Editor Eagle:—Inclosed find \$1 for the Eagle. Please excuse me for not sending sooner, thinking you had received long ago, as I had sent it in March.

French Cornett returned from Williamsburg College the 23.

Arch Cornett has just left for Hazard to attend court.

Dr. Cook, of Glyden, and Dr. Combs, of this place, are waiting on Wes Combs' wife, of Smoot Creek. Mrs. Combs is very sick.

Stephen Combs and wife, of Letcher, called on Dr. Combs on the 22.

Arch Cornett and wife, Marion Cornett, Willie Caudill and wife, Joel Pratt, etc., went fishing down the river and caught a fine lot—three large drum, thirty or more large redhorse, leaving off the smaller fish. So farming was a slow go for a while.

Andy Shepherd, of Grave Branch, came to Arch Cornett's on legal business Sunday.

Poll Riddle, of Deep hole Branch, went ranging three-fourths of a day and took to the store \$7.05 worth of sang.

Wishing the noble bird great success and hoping she will still continue drifting toward Daisy, as I am lost when she fails to light, I am
OLD TIMER.

A Virginia Girl Writes.

Dear Editor:—As mamma has been a subscriber to the dear Eagle for a long time, and as I see other little girls write, I will drop a few lines to the Children's Corner.

I am a little girl ten years old and I have only one brother and one sister. My father died when I was quite small, but I have a stepfather, who is good and kind to me. I go to school and of evenings I bring mamma's Eagle when it is at the postoffice. When mamma gets down to read the news the first thing she does is to find out what is going on round about Mayking, where Grandpa Miles Webb lives. You know we would like to hear from there every week. Poor old grandpa, I trust he is well. Some time I will write again. Your little cousin and friend,
BESSIE HUNSUCKER,
Maaning, Va.

From a Little Boy

Dear Editor: Will you permit another little boy to join your Circle? I do not help Papa work but very much wish I could. I go out in fields sometimes and chase ground-squirrels, mice and birds, while he works. Most of the time I have to stay in and care for my little baby sister, Alpha. I have six brothers, but no sisters large enough to help mamma so I sometimes help her wash the dishes, sweep the houses and do many things that girls are supposed to do. I tell you though there is nothing like tending to sister, she is so sweet.

Your little friend,
Willie Adams,
Hillard, Ky.

Esau of Old Comes Again.

Greenville, S. C.,
May 21, 1909.

Dear Mountain Eagle:—As I wish to confer a compliment upon the dear old Eagle, I guess I will just leave the mountain out this time, and come to join you and your happy band of writers, hoping that you will admit me as one of your own mountain boys.

I notice a letter written by a good old sister speaking of her praying mother. I just felt like the good Lord had blessed that home. Give us all praying men and women. They were too scarce when I was in the mountains. May God bless all the mountain people.

I just want to give you a bit of history of mountain life with all the reflection on myself, just before the late civil war, also during and after the great strife until 1867, when my social relation ceased with the old native hills. First, I would attend all the log rollings, corn huskings, etc., and to make it lively, the corn liquor would be carried in buckets and coffee pots. I don't think any would refuse. I know I didn't refuse. I want to confess there was nothing too low for me. When I look back it makes me shudder that I have escaped the chain gang. Once when I was fourteen years old I drove cattle across the Cumberland mountain for Dr. Cox and he gave 75 cents for my services. All I thought of doing with the money was to give it to an old man for one quart of corn whiskey, and that old man took it as if he was doing a just business before God. I drove the cows to Whitesburg for the doctor and he treated me at the bar. Most all kinds of business was carried on with whiskey as a side line. Boarding houses and grocery stores were straightout whisky shops.

God forbid that there will ever be another still boil. Let us stop and honestly think before God of the horrible influence of such.

Once upon a time I think there were eight families living in the little city of Whitesburg and there were four bar rooms, or the stuff was sold at four places. Horrible, oh, horrible! to think of. I will dare to mention one or two I think of: Haaker Combs and old man Smith. Now let us be honest before God. I just want to say to all the readers of your valuable paper, let us as honest people be like the Psalmist, "I thought on my way."

Fathers and mothers, only a word to you, get your children around you at even-tide and together talk over the responsibilities, the ups and downs of life, and with them thank God for everything they have. I can't live like my father and mother lived, and I think from what I have read and heard of you that none of you can. Don't understand that I am discrediting any of the old and precious fathers and mothers who live now or have passed into the great beyond. But we must do our duty, our whole duty, standing bravely and fearlessly on the promises held out by the Master that he will support and protect and cleanse us from all imperfections.

I hope, Mr. Editor, that this will appear in your most inviting columns, and that I have not said anything that would jar the opinion of any one, though they may be of the very strictest along sectarian lines.

May God bless you all, as he alone can. I remain as ever
A NATIVE LETCHERITE.

Note.—The above is the third letter written by the Unknown Esau, as we shall call him, and published in this paper. We have no earthly knowledge what-

ever of the identity or name of the writer, nor have we been able to find out who is furnishing him the Eagle. He evidently gets, in some way, almost every issue, and from the very first of his letters seems to have knowledge of what has been transpiring in this country ever since many years before the war. Now he comes out and indicates that he severed his connections with this country in 1867, evidently now a very old man, and his hand-writing, language and spelling indicates the same. The above letter, as will be seen, is dated from Greenville, S. C., but like all the rest is postmarked at Ponce de Leon, the same state.

In publishing the above writer's letters we violate one of the first rules of a printing office, namely, that nothing shall be published that is not signed or accompanied by the writer's own name and address; but we do this, in this case, out of respect to one we take to be a very old man and one who holds in his bosom great love for the mountains and her citizens. Up to this time we had hoped to bring out his identity, at least for our own satisfaction; but since he does not, hereafter even his letters will fail to appear unless his name accompanies the manuscript sent for publication. However, we shall appreciate other articles and shall take pride in publishing them, if they come properly labeled. Editor.

How to Be a Kicker.

Kick.

Keep kicking.

Don't quit kicking.

One pull one way and one the other.

Go to other towns to buy your goods.

Denounce home merchants because they make a profit.

Make your own town out a very bad place and stab it every chance you get.

Knife every man that disagrees with you on the methods of increasing business.

Refuse to unite in any scheme for the betterment of the material interests of the people.

Tell your printer that you can get your printing done cheaper in another town and charge him with extortion.

Keep every cent you get and don't do anything of a public nature unless you can readily realize something by so doing.

When you say anything of your town be sure you say it in such a way as to leave the impression that you have no faith in it.

Patronize outside newspapers to the exclusion of your own and then denounce them for not being as large as the city papers.

BIG JOE LOGSTON.

A Business Parable.

Once a farmer had 1,800 bushels of wheat, which he sold, not to a single grain merchant, but to 1,800 different dealers, a bushel each. A few of them paid in cash, but far the greater number said it was not convenient then; they would pay later. A few months passed, and the man's bank account ran low. "How is this?" he said. "My 1,800 bushels of grain should have kept me in affluence until another crop is raised, but I have parted with the grain and have instead only a vast number of accounts, so small and scattered that I can not get around and collect fast enough to pay expenses." So he posted up a public notice and asked all those who owed him to pay quickly. But few came. The rest said, "Mine is only a small matter and I will go and pay some of these days," forgetting that, though each account was very small, when all were put together they meant a large sum to the man. Things went on thus. The man got to feeling so bad that he felt out of bed and awake, and running to his granary, found his 1,800 bushels of wheat still safe there. He had only been dreaming.

Moral.—The next day the man went to the publisher of his paper and said: "Here, sir, is the pay for your paper, and when next year's subscription is due you can depend on me to pay promptly. I stood in the position of an editor last night, and I know how he feels to have one's honestly earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts."—Exchange.

Gordon Brevities.

John Holcomb was over from Turkey a few days ago.

We all know the Eagle is the greatest bird that ever flew over this way.

Joe Smith's and H. W. Lewis' girls were visitors here a few days ago.

H. C. Frazier has been putting some new pallings around his residence.

Sol Holcomb, from Kings creek, has been doing some work for W. G. Hall this week.

John Smith says he wishes he could read the Eagle so that he could be up with the times.

Bishop Boggs and wife, of Greasy, were visiting Ira Holcomb's last Saturday and Sunday.

All our people are done planting and are going over their corn the first time. It looks very well, considering the season.

W. R. Lewis, Will Melton and others went to Whitesburg a few days ago as witnesses in the great suit between the Continental Realty Company and McLean & Kilbourn.

BIG JOE LOGSTON.

Manning, Va., News.

Why everybody in Kentucky and Virginia do not subscribe for the Eagle is what I do not understand. It is a household companion and a positive necessity with us.

C. P. Perry is moving into the Roberts residence at this place. Mrs. Perry is a granddaughter of Clabe Jones, formerly a well known citizen of Letcher and Knott counties.

The marshals made a raid through the Guests river section some days ago, but succeeded in finding no stills. It would be great could they rid the country entirely of them.

Elders John Hopkins, Bud Bolling and John H. Riggs attended services at West Norton Sunday and did some excellent preaching. Five were baptized and several others joined the church and will be later.

Your scribe in returning home from church Sunday stopped and conversed with the oldest man in our section, perhaps in Virginia. This was Uncle Sam Salyer. We saw him write his name and heard him read without spectacles. He is 115 years of age.

ELLEN.

PENCIL PICTURES

Drawn In An Indie Moment.

Charity always goes further than it is sent and it bears an abundance of fruit.

A man or woman without wrinkles on their brows seldom know anything about the real joys or sorrows of living.

The rose may bloom for England, the lily for France unfold, Ireland may honor the shamrock, Scotland her thistle hold; But the shield of this great nation, The proudest stalk that's born, Is the shall I tell you?

Why, it's the beautiful stalk of corn.

Mike please paint that barber post. Will you?

Sure, but I'd loike to know just where to git that strolped paint.

THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE

N. M. WEBB, Editor and Owner.

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Three months 25
All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

The Eagle Covers Letcher County Like the Blue Canopy.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1909.

Local Notices will be charged for at the rate of five cents per line for first insertion and three cents a line for each succeeding insertion.

EDITORIAL.

By the time both parties get through with the tariff bill now pending before both houses of congress poor old Mr. Protection and Miss Freetrade will be ugly looking specimens to walk out before the country. Twenty or more years ago Henry Watterson said, "The democratic party is a free trade party or it is no party at all." Thirteen years ago the late and honored William McKinley, standing on his front porch at Canton, said, "The republican party is a party of protection or it ought to be defeated in this campaign." Now a spectator witnessing the daily-whacking in progress up at the capitol could not tell an old fashioned free trade Daniel from a protectionist Allis in to save his scalp. The fact is, the "thing" has lengthened out till the poor fellows do not know just how to open their mouths. No doubt the great boog-a-boo is the November election, 1910, when the most of them will drop back to their constituents there to give an account of their stewardship.

Sectional differences brought about the greatest struggle known to modern history. That awful struggle, though precipitated by the politicians of that day, was fought out by the strong arms and keen eyes of the people themselves, and its cost in blood and tears and suffering and lives has never been estimated. The best blood in the land, both north and south, went down in the trenches fighting for a cause which they thought worth dying for and which it seems could have been amicably settled in the councils of the nation. A small blaze is easy to extinguish, but when kindled into roaring, angry flames, restraint ceases and it sweeps all before it till it destroys itself by its own power. A blanket large enough to cover the entire United States so as to equally affect all when it is spread on would be a peculiar one indeed. It would have to be thick, thicker, thickest, and thin, thinner, thinnest, in fact, it would have to be all kinds of a blanket. And so it goes when it comes to slaying a law to fit all sections of the country with its multitude of differences at the same time. No matter what kind of a tariff bill is passed, some sections of the wide domain will be benefited, while perhaps other sections will be injured and that seriously. There is one thing sure about it, the financial world is holding its breath, waiting for something to be done. That something must be done or much disappointment will result. However, to a man up a tree and one eye closed for repairs, it seems that all this long drawn contest will finally end in no particular good to the country and perhaps dissolution to both old parties.

Hon. Thos. H. Payne, United States senator from Kentucky, at the close of a speech delivered before that august body on the tobacco question a few days ago, said:

"This great government of ours, because of the loss of a paltry sum in revenues, can not afford to disregard the demand of one and a half million people who are dependent upon the success of tobacco growing for a livelihood. You impose duties upon imports and collect large sums of money. It is confessed by the chairman of the finance committee that such duties are imposed not alone for revenue, but for protection. If you compel the people of this country to contribute large sums to make an enterprise profitable to those who engage in it, then is it unreasonable for a million and a half people of this country to demand that the laws be so made that they might have a fair chance to carry on successfully an important industry?"

"They do not ask that money be paid into their pockets as profits, but they simply ask that a grinding combination shall not be permitted, by reason of the laws of the land, to reduce the market value of their products below a reasonable price, thus forcing the poor tobacco tenants to labor for almost starvation wages."

"The facts show that the tobacco combination is a commercial pirate carrying a black flag, dealing death and destruction to all competitors in the manufacture and sale of tobacco, and reducing those who grow it to penury and want. The death struggle of its expiring competitors has not caused it to hesitate; nor have the tears and suffering of the tenants, white and black, who produce the article upon which it feeds and fattens, excited its compassion."

"Senators, you have an opportunity to compel it to dip its flag to one and a half millions of people depending upon the growing of tobacco for support, and to grant to them a chance to have their labor receive its fair reward. Will you do it?"

Hilliard Dashes.

Sam Hartt is erecting a new store house nt his place.

Our farmers are beginning to complain about too much wet weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Elihu Stallard have been very sick, but are some better now.

Patrick Bates will soon be done his logging job. He says he is very tired of it and will be glad when he is through.

DARK EYES.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Election, November 2, 1909.

FOR SHERIFF
Lewis Hall
of Deane.

County Clerk
John S. Webb
of Thornton

FOR JAILER
Charles L. Collins
of Whitesburg.

FOR JAILER
Hiram Williams
of Whitesburg.

FOR JAILER
David C. Brown
of Indian Bottom.

FOR CIRCUIT CLERK
Wilson C. Mullins
of Oven Fork.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE
I. N. Lewis
of Whitesburg.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE
John A. Craft
of Whitesburg.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PARDON

The undersigned Co't Polly who was convicted of the offense of escaping custody from the Jailer of Letcher County at the April Term of court 1909, will ask the Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky for a pardon for said offense in the near future, and all who object will notify the Governor and state in writing any objection. This May 18th, 1909.

The First of Mother's Letters to Her Daughter.

(Written for an inheritance should Death then part)

YOU are lying just beside mother, asleep in your little crib. Mother cannot leave you out of her sight, you are so wondrously new to her, so divinely dear. She loves so to look at you, to touch you, to be near you, that her happiness hurts. She sang you to sleep just now, your head on her breast, your pink fingers thrusting aimlessly at nothing, in unison with your restless little feet, your blue eyes staring out into the great new world, unabashed by the strange vastness. Oh, you are so infinitely dear! Mother could have crushed out your little life from very love.

And when you went to sleep, and she watched you, and wondered who had held her when she was a little baby like you, for mother's own mother died before mother was as old as you. And then mother's heart stood still, and her voice choked over the little hum that was making you blink your blue eyes. What if she too, should have to go and leave her little daughter to some one else to rock. Oh, my baby, mother could not bear to look back upon the emptiness through which she had come to womanhood and feel that you, too, might have to travel that lonely road. My little darling! Do you know, I wonder, that besides the joy you brought in yourself to mother you brought her also the happiness of making it up to that other little girl, that lonely little girl who is in you?

Mother can remember how that other little girl, when she was, oh, such a little girl, used to think and think, and cry for very heart-sickness because she had not one remembered look or word or thought to treasure. Sometimes, when happiness filled her little heart she wondered how her mother would have shared it. When her heart ached and her eyes were hot she wondered what her mother would have thought she needed—a lap for her head to hide itself in or a breezy laugh that wafted away trouble. She wondered—all the things she prays God you may never wonder, my own.

So mother is writing this letter to you, my dearest, and she will write again and again, and then if God in His wisdom should set your feet in the lonely way your mother's trod, the groping tendrils of your childish longing may have a bit of your mother's personality to which they may cling. You will not understand at first, except your mother's thought for you, but when you can understand—ah, you are stirring. I take you and kiss you—yes, sweetheart, this is for you, and if ever you must read it alone, try to remember how mother held you close when she wrote to the girlie who was her little one, and that on this seal is a kiss from MOTHER.

Note—The above is the first of a series of letters written by a mother to her child. This is one in which the mother addresses her new born babe, while the next one will be of the same nature, in which she addresses it as a "three-year-old." There are nine of the letters, and we know they will be read with the interest to which they are entitled. They will grow in interest right along.—Editor.

Two Little Letters.

Dear Editor and Eagles:—I will join your happy band of little writers again. Have just been waiting and watching for other little writers to come, but they do come so slow. Sister Dona had a letter from one of our aunts away out in Kansas and she says she reads all of our little letters and wants us all to write often. We are all reading and carefully studying those good letters which occasionally drop in from the mothers of this country, and we think even one of them is worth the price of the paper a whole year. In fact, I don't see how we lived before the Eagle was hatched. All come again. Your little friend,

SARAH ADAMS.

Dongola, Ky.
Hello, Cousins:—As sister has written to the Eagle, I will come

NEWS ITEM—ROOSEVELT MAY RAISE A BEARD WHILE AWAY.



again. Why don't all the little writers wake up and write as they use to? Sister told you about our aunt reading our letters, but I would rather my big brother John would read my letters than any one, but I am glad for any one else to read them. So all come again and let's make the Eagle ring with glad cheer from the children.

Your little friend,
JOSEPH W. ADAMS.
Dongola, Ky.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Little Girl's Letter.

Dear Editor and Cousins:—I will write for the first time this year, as I have been reading your letters and find them very interesting. I am staying with Aunt Sarah Blair at Colson. I have just returned from a three weeks' visit to my homefolks at Ice and had a nice time. I attend school every day when it is in session, and would be glad if the term was longer.

I think every girl and boy should attend school and try to receive education enough to read and write, if nothing more. I intend to do my best while in school, and hope I will be repaid.

Your cousin, SUSANA BROWN.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75 cents.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Republican Nominees.

or Circuit Court Clerk
Stephen Combs

For County Attorney
R. Monroe Fields

For County Judge
Henry R. Yonts

County Court Clerk
R. B. Bentley

For Sheriff
Louis Cook

Superintendent of Schools
Henry C. Dixon

For Jailer
William Hall

For Assessor
George M. Adams

For Surveyor
J. H. Blair, Jr.

For Coroner
Joseph Yon's

Circuit Judge
L. D. Lewis

Commonwealth's Attorney
Ira Fields

Dongola Dots.

Mrs. W. H. Day is steadily improving.

Eva and Sarah Adams have something like tonsillitis.

Aunt Cinda Banks is able to be out in her garden again.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Stamper visited at Lee Hale's a few days ago.

H. C. Adams, Lee Hale, J. R. and Jim Banks have been hoeing corn for Pryor Jones for the past week.

DONIE.

Be Slow to Judge.

Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whoever thou art, that judgest, for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.—Romans 2:1.

Words and Acts.

Words are good, but they do not the best. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. No one knows what he is doing, while he acts rightly; but of what is wrong we are always conscious.—Goethe

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Secure protection today with the "Old Reliable" United States Health and Accident Insurance Co? The most liberal health and accident insurance offered by any other concern in the country—insurance that insures against Every Accident and Every Known Illness

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N. B.—The editor of the Eagle is a satisfied policy holder with the "Old Reliable" and can speak in the most commendable praises of their liberal policies and the prompt adjustment of all claims.

For Sale Quick

My farm situated about one half mile from Whitesburg. Same contains, good buildings, two good large gardens, young orchard set in best kinds of fruit and about 200 trees, nice strawberry patch and young vineyard. Will sell for less than place cost me.

Also one team of large mares, harness and wagon.

If interested call at once will not wait for any one. Possession given on farm about Oct. 1st. W. W. Sergeant.

Say, my kind subscriber, did you fix that little subscription Monday or will you soon? We are in the battle for you and your children. Help dispel the mist

SUBSCRIBE!

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Is a Great Liver Medicine Purely Vegetable, made from roots and herbs—specially selected for their purity and efficiency—such as are used by the most successful physicians in their daily practice. Manufactured BY

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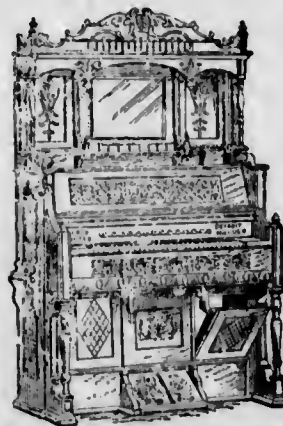
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COMPOUNDED ON SHORT NOTICE

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P. Y. PURSIFULL, Prop.



Farrand Organs

Are the best that human skill can devise or money can buy.

Our wagons will bring one to your door and you can try it in your own home. Every organ sold under a positive guarantee. Do not buy until you see the FARRAND.

W. B. FORD FURNITURE CO.
Incorporated
NORTON, VIRGINIA.

EGGS!

From strictly thoughted S. C. Brown Leghorns and R. C. Golden Wyandottes. These chickens are all from good show stock, and no better a-round chicken on earth than the Golden Wyandotte.

\$1.50 FOR 15

Let me fill your orders at once.

CORA L. VENTERS, Portland, Tenn.

Do you subscribe or BORROW?

LOCALS

BREEZY BITS BUNCHED

It's beautiful growing weather. Deputy Collector Sam Collins left Tuesday on professional business.

Farmers are heeling it in the country, slightly behind on account of too much rain.

Bob Banks lost a pair of pants Monday night. It's a big boy and a full blooded democrat. Eddie Williams and Urias Craft made a business trip to Big Stone Gap the first of the week.

Attorney L. E. Harvie, after attending court for several days at Hazard, returned to this place last Sunday.

John Adams, a strong Eagle supporter from Jewell, Pike county, was a business caller at this place Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Collins and family went to Carr last Friday, where they visited friends for a few days. Miss Jennie Gibson accompanied them.

Editor E. P. Blair and wife, of the Hazard Mountaineer, were pleasant visitors at the home of his father, Attorney Robt. Blair, at this place the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben F. Holbrook, who have been living on Turkey creek, where Mr. Holbrook is controlling a big log job, are now visiting their friends at their home near this place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Caudill, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Francis and others around mouth of Sandlick, attended church on Carr's Fork, Knott county, last Saturday and Sunday.

John M. Riddle, after several days jolly with the finny tribe in the lower end of Letcher and the upper end of Perry, returned to this place a few days ago. John says that fishing is good in that section.

Attorneys J. J. C. Bach and Martin T. Kelly, of Jackson, accompanied by J. B. McLin, of the same place, left for their homes last Saturday. They all joined the Eagle's swelling list before leaving.

We have turned out job work for Attorneys David Hays and R. Monroe Fields, of this place, this week, and also a job for W. C. Dixon, a merchant of Red Fox, Knott county. We want to show you what we can do for you.

John W. Wright, one of the best known men of the mountains, was a visitor in town Monday. John always does something for the Eagle, and this time he pays a year's subscription for Mrs. Alice Marrs, of Pikeville.

Uncle Jake Smith, of Gordon, a valuable citizen of the head of Line Fork, was a financial caller at the Eagle's nest the first of the week. Mr. Smith pays for the Eagle for himself and also sends it to his son, E. D. Smith, at Little Falls, Wash.

Mrs. Lizzie Quillen, of Hall, Knott county, and daughter of Allen Martin, of Democrat, died at her home last Thursday. She had been afflicted with that terrible destroyer, consumption, for several months. We extend sympathies to her many friends and relatives.

Mrs. Blanche Salyer Davis, wife of Karl E. Davis, of Bowling Green, arrived here Monday evening on a visit to her parents and many friends at this place. Her husband will also come here in about two weeks. They will probably make their future home at this place.

At the end of ten more weeks the Eagle will be two years old, and at the end of that time we propose to put the paper on an absolutely cash-in-advance basis. The paper at that time shall be as current as "old wheat in the mill" and its readers will buy it the same as they buy their groceries. It shall be an absolute necessity and no intelligent family can do without it.

'Tis the happy month of June, And the farmer boy whistles his tune.

If you want insurance on your property—and every man needs that—consult Dave Hays at this place.

There will be a mass-meeting of the democrats on June 12 in some of the precincts for the purpose of electing precinct committeemen.

Two eclipses, of the sun and of the moon, will occur on this evening, June 3d, the other of the sun on the 17th.

Walter Boggs, who has been employed as typist on the Eagle for some time, left for his home at Eolia yesterday. Walter will travel the country in the interest of the Eagle, and we shall be glad for any favors shown. Subscriptions or job work given him will receive prompt attention.

The boys who were induced to sow wheat last fall are in it good and sure. Those who could and didn't, ought to bestir themselves right now and be ready to sow this fall. May wheat is now selling at \$1.80 per bushel and flour will be worth \$12 per barrel ere another moon passes over. The corn bread and Irish potato brigade will grow in membership.

Dr. P. Y. Pursifull on last Thursday had a severe attack of acute appendicitis, which lasted three or four days. It was thought when the attack came on that an operation would have to be performed at once, but at this time he has recovered from the acute stage of the disease sufficiently to be again at his place of business. Later on an operation is anticipated, which is said to be the only permanent cure for the trouble.

We are in receipt of an excellent article from Mrs. Martha J. Wright, which will appear in next week's issue of the Eagle. It's the great and good mothers of this country, the power behind the lever, that is rapidly forging this paper to the front. To say that any cause championed by good women could be a failure would be going back on and denying every page, so indelibly written, of the world's history.

If the contributors toward the Industrial Edition of the Eagle continue, that edition will be the biggest thing ever published in the mountains. If you want to go down in that edition, and that, too, as an honor to generations yet unborn, you had as well get on the list now. To be sure and get the big symposium of pictures, illustrations and other important matter you had better be sure and know that your subscription is paid. One single copy when once in your home could not be bought for a dollar.

It is more than delightful to visit the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Long at this place at this season of the year. The beautiful little red brick palace is simply seated in a perfect bower of roses of every known variety, while the wisteria, the English honeysuckle and a hundred and more delightful bloomers deck the scene all round about. In passing along the paths that wind around the residence and through the yard, you must exercise the strictest caution or you will bump your head against one or more of the big luscious lemons or golden oranges which hang pendant on every side. And the figs, the aples, the pears, the grapes, the plums, and—Oh, well, to name them would exhaust the vocabulary of a Dickens or tire the patience of a Job. The truth is, Wat Long and his estimable family have a home that a king or a queen or any potentate of earth would be compelled to enjoy. And they know how to make you feel glad when you enter its portal.

Some of our regular correspondents have taken to the tall timber this week and we are shy on country news.

Some of our readers are wondering why we do not publish the jury lists as drawn for the next regular term of circuit court. The only reason we do not do so is that we failed to get a complete list.

Don't forget to make preparation for that wheat crop to be sown next fall. If you could go over the country and see the fine crops of those who sowed last year, you would not have to be your remembered of duty.

Soon the meadow lark will chirp and sing,

The bumble-bee will bumble, The mule will do a highland fling And the tumblebug will tumble. The calf will buck and jump for joy

Of simply being loose, The droll grasshoppers sit around And spit tobacco juice.

Flocks and Personality. The Englishwoman does not diffuse enough personality into her clothes. If she is tall and gaunt she chooses severe tailor-made costumes and looks like a clothes press. If she is small she tilts on her enormous curled collar, a monster hat and sews a rigit Elizabethan frill into the neck of her blouse.—London Dystander.

Jest Boom 'Er.

Drop your hammer—do some rootin'. Here, you, discontented knocker, Growling 'bout the country's ills, Chloroform yer dismal talker, Take a course of liver pills. Stop yer dang ki-toe howlin', Chaw some sand an' get some grit, Don't sit in the dumps a growlin', Jump the roost and boost a bit.

Fall in while the band's a playin', Ketch the step and march along, 'Steard o' pessimistic brayin', Jine the halleluiah song, Do some rootin', grab a horn, You cuss, and try to split Every echo with your tootin', Jump the roost and boost a bit.

Here's the 'dustrial 'dition comin', Help to widen out her wing, Drop a dollar in the humin', Make the sleepy echoes ring, Don't you see, there's 'dying glory Writ above, around about, Pump your bosom full o' somethin', Lift your hands and scream a shout. See that every son o' mortal Gets a copy, neat and prim, Full o' good things for the mountains, Chuck full up to the rim. Shout a shout that'll make 'er hum For a hundred years or more to come. Letcher county! How we love 'er With her hills and valleys green, Azure skies atuck just above 'er, Just beneath 'er, wealth unseen, For these hills we roll and wrestle, For her manhood writhe and groan, Therefore, brother, help the 'dustrial That our land may get her own.

WANTED—A lot of new announcements, something that will live up things.

WE BUY YOUR WOOL HIDES AND FURS

Feathers, Tallow, Beeswax, Ginseng, Golden Seal, (Yellow Root), etc. We are Dealers, and can do better for you than agents or commission merchants. Reference, any Bank in Louisville. Write for weekly price list and shipping tags. We furnish wool bags free.

M. SABEL & SONS,
ESTABLISHED IN 1888
229 E. Market St. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Only A Word.

Fellow Citizens: For the first time in my life I am before the people of Letcher county as a candidate for assessor. I want you all to consider well my claims and make up your minds to vote for one who will serve honestly and faithfully your interests.

Very respectfully,
WILL R. SPANGLER.

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Agents for the sale and protection of all kinds of Patents, Trade Marks, Designs, Copyrights, etc. We have a large staff of experienced attorneys and engineers who will give you the best advice and the most efficient protection for your rights. We also have a large stock of patent forms and specifications for sale at low prices.

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FERRY'S SEEDS

Ferry's seed catalogue is the best of its kind. It contains full and complete information about all the latest and best seeds for sale. It is a valuable reference for all farmers and gardeners. The catalogue is sent free to all who send for it.

FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE SEATTLE COMPANY, 27 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Grape News.

Alex Fouts and wife are in very poor health.

People are still killing all the fish with steel ball guns. Oh, for a law against this!

Armitt Mitchell is expecting to run for assessor. People here are generally against the primary candidates.

Arthur Cornett was pretty badly hurt in a ball game. Grant Cornett was hit in the head with a bat and knocked down.

Hiram Mitchell is down with grip. Elizabeth, his mother, is very feeble. She is up toward one hundred years of age.

Stephen Hogg has a very fine genseng patch and would like for some reader of the Eagle to tell him how to get rid of the moles that injure it. He says he will be able to save at least one gallon of berries this fall. [Note—Inform Mr. Hogg that the surest and best way to get rid of moles is to catch them and bite their heads off.] EXJUDGE.

Lester News.

Uncle Elijah Clay is still improving.

Everybody are getting along fine hoeing corn in this section.

Miss Nannie Breeding visited friends at Colson Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Celia Blair of Colly visited friends in Knott county for the past two weeks.

Nelson Hampton and wife visited his brother, Thomas Hampton, at this place the last of the week.

Mrs. Cinda Webb and son John of Mayking was at the bed-side of their uncle, Elijah Clay, the past week. PINKIE.

When Shallowness is Shown Up. But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and science be found out in a mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own, than to call for a display of your acquisitions. But in a tete-a-tete there is no shuffling. The truth will out.—Charles Lamb.

Fine Farm For Sale Cheap!

I have for sale one of the best farms consisting of from 250 to 300 acres for sale. The farm is situated at the mouth of Bottom Fork about five miles from Whitesburg and in one of the best neighborhoods in the county. Good school, and Baptist church situated on original parts of farm. About half the farm is cleared and under good fence and in excellent state of cultivation. About sixty acres of good level bottom land set in good grass &c. coal and mineral still unsold. Title perfect and indisputed. Owner has been offered twenty dollars an acre for it many times. No good reasons for selling except, just want to trade. For further information, Call on or Address.

THE EAGLE

Whitesburg, Ky.

New Drug Store

Fitzpatrick & Venters are now ready, in the new bank building, with a new and up-to-date line of

DRUGS

EVERYTHING BRAND NEW!

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Fitzpatrick & Venters,
PROPRIETORS.

Woman's Friend

Nearly all women suffer at times from female ailments. Some women suffer more acutely and more constantly than others. But whether you have little pain or whether you suffer intensely, you should take Wine of Cardui and get relief.

Cardui is a safe, natural medicine, for women, prepared scientifically from harmless vegetable ingredients. It acts easily on the female organs and gives strength and tone to the whole system.

TAKE CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Mrs. Verna Wallace, of Sanger, Tex., tried Cardui. She writes: "Cardui has done more for me than I can describe. Last spring I was taken with female inflammation and consulted a doctor, but to no avail, so I took Cardui, and inside of three days, I was able to do my housework. Since then my trouble has never returned." Try it.

AT ALL DRUG STORES



The Difference

is just this, if you buy a

"Shield Brand"

Suit, at either of the seven prices within the following ranges:

MEN'S

\$10.00 THE LOWEST

\$20.00 THE HIGHEST

BOYS'

\$3.00 THE LOWEST

\$6.00 THE HIGHEST

You have the satisfaction of knowing that you got your money's worth, and a

JAM-UP

stylish suit, while if you buy a substitute, you are always in doubt about the matter.

GUARANTEED

is the word printed right across the top of the price card which is attached to the coat sleeve.

BLAIR & FIELDS

Whitesburg, Kentucky.

THAT BIG EDITION.

Now that the Primary is all over why not all unite in hustling up that Industrial Edition of the Eagle? Every wide-awake Mountaineer ought to be glad to do something and we will not believe othetwise until we know. Every lick struck will be for the honor, glory and upbuilding of Letcher County and our beloved hill-country. As one man, let us act. June 1st is the date.

THE MAN WHO

Pulled Teeth With His Fingers and Introduced

Browning's Tonic Laxative Tablets and Antiseptic Healing Balm, the two medicines sold here in Whitesburg on the streets during Circuit Court, are now for sale at hit-sburg Drug Store. Many of the leading citizens of this county have been and are being cured by the wonderful medicines, in fact no medicine ever introduced in Whitesburg has ever given such amazing results for stomach, liver and kidney troubles. The worst chronic cases seem to be benefited and cured in a very short time. They are sold by Whitesburg Drug Store under a positive guarantee to cure rheumatism, biliousness, constipation, acrofula, nervous affection, dyspepsia, all blood diseases, catarrh, neuralgia, kidney and liver, female complaint, indigestion, sick headache, skin diseases, pimples, dented tongues, tired feeling, poor appetite, dizziness and diseases that arise from impure blood. A 30 days' treatment only costs you 25c. Call at once and get a treatment.

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